
THE
BLUNDERFUL
BLUNDER
OF
BLUNDERS, &c.

By Dr. Sw - ft.

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BY DR. S. A. A.

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T H E
BLUNDERFUL
Blunder of Blunders;

Being an ANSWER to the
Wonderful Wonder of Wonders.

To which is added,

A PROLOGUE to HYPPOLITUS, spoken by
a Boy of Six Years Old.

By Dr. Sw - ft.

Also Mr. *SHERIDAN*'s PROLOGUE,
to the Greek Play of PHÆDRA and HYPPOLITUS;
design'd to have been Spoken by a Boy of Six
Years Old.

Ars longa.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed from the Original Copies from DUBLIN, and Sold by T.
BICKERTON, at the Crown in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1721. (Pr. 4d.)
Where may be had the Third Edition of, *The WONDERFUL
WONDER OF WONDERS, &c.*

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NEW YORK.

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L O N D O N :

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Hickman, at the corner in Pall-mall, the year 1741. (P. 2.)
When may be had the Third Edition of the Wonders
Wonder of Wonders, &c.



THE
BLUNDERFUL
Blunder of Blunders, &c.



HAVING lately perused a Paper call'd the *Wonderful Wonder of Wonders*, I could not but with the highest Resentment animadvert upon its Author, who at this time of Day, when all *Heads* are at Work about *Affairs of the greatest Consequence*, should be so Cruel as to write upon a plain Subject with so much Obscurity, whereas the *Naked Truth* always appears best in a Simplicity of Language.

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'Tis true indeed, that in the early Ages of Learning, *Scholars* through an affected Vanity of appearing Wiser than the rest of Mankind, disguised their Knowledge under the Cover of *Hieroglyphicks*, but as *Philosophy* acquired more Heat and Luster, these Clouds began to vanish, and the Rays of *Truth* more universally diffused themselves to all such as was earnest to search and pry into the *Secrets of Nature*. So were the Oracles of old, by direction of their *Father the Devil*, wrapt up in the utmost Darkness, for he would have them carry his own black Stamp; 'till Men of Penetration and Judgment discovered their Fal-lacy, and rescued the deluded Reason of their Admirers from its greatest Enemy, *Ambiguity*.

Now I appeal to all Men of Reading or Experience, whether it has not
been

been the constant Practice of Impostors, the better to carry on their Cheats, ever to amuse the World with *Riddles*. Which puts me in Mind of a Story that will not be amiss in this Place. A certain cunning Fellow who had been reduced to his last Shifts, and knowing the World to be very fond of *Wonders*, gave out that he had found a terrible Monster in a Wood, which he took Care to chain up in a dark Corner of his Room; People flocked in abundance, and the Man made a very great Advantage of his Show; for he managed it so dexterously, by the dreadful Accounts which he gave of its Fierceness, that no Body durst approach near enough to see what it was, till one Day a Pot Valiant Fellow, who knew how to value his Six Pence, rushes upon the Monster, swore he would see what he was to have for his Money, and in short, drags out a *Dog in a Doublet*.
The

The *Reader* may expect I should say something here, but I ask his Pardon if I refer him to the Conclusion for an Application.

I would willingly expostulate with my Friend, and ask him, what would he think if Nature, in her Works, should proceed in a Method *Ænigmatical*; That every Species of Fruit should have a dark Skin drawn over it, in-somuch that we should not be able to distinguish between an *Apple* and a *Peach*, between a *Pear* and a *Nectarine*, without stripping them of their Cloaths, would not a vast Number of Inconveniencies ensue? Or should she thro' Whim and Frolick, affect *Eclipses* in *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, the World would have a fine time on't. Should every *Lady* run into the Frolick of glewing their Masks to their Faces, there would be an end of

of Beauty. In short the Evils of disguise are without Number, for which Reason, *Truth* is dignified with the Epithet of NAKED, and our Author, without Ceremony, should have *uncovered his Subject* to the World; it was not of so little Importance to Mankind as to be concealed from them.

When a Man writes, either for the *Information or Improvement* of the World, let him write to be understood by the World. The Reason I insist upon this so much is--- I was in Company the other Night with six Gentlemen of as good Understanding as any in *Ireland*, and without Vanity I may say, as any in *England*, where this same Paper of *Wonderful Wonders* was introduced, ay, and read over three times before any one durst venture, even at a Conjecture. At last we began to

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debate it ; says one, I fancy this must be a kind of a *Satyr* upon *Jo. D-----* because he is described as a *Close, Gripping, Squeezing Fellow*, no Sir, that cannot be, said another, for you know he is made to say, *as fast as he gets he lets fly*, besides, the Man is dead. Said a third, I have it, depend upon this, That it is meant of a Judge, because he is a *great Oppressor of all below him*, and you know he is given to *frequent Murmurs* ; not at all said I, that cannot be, for there is no *Judge* in Town observed to *lean either to the Right or Left*. Indeed were it not for that, I should be inclinable to think so, because this Person is described to *peruse Pamphlets on both sides, with great Impartiality*. Upon this Conviction I acquiesced, and a Friend next, me rises with some appearance of Reason, and said, the Presumption was strong of his side, That it must

[II]

must be a B-----p, because *his Studies were confined to Schoolmen, Commentators and German Divines*. But this was soon overthrown, because no B---p has any civil Employment, and the Person here mentioned, is made *Receiuer General*.

A certain Grey-headed Reverend Divine in Town, said he was sure it was meant of the Wooden Man in *Essex Street*. Now I humbly beg leave to start these *Queries* to him.

Query Whether the Wooden Man in *Essex Street* ever goes to Bed.

Query Whether he ever leaves any thing at any *Gentleman's House*.

Query Whether he belately arrived to this City; it is well known that he

[II]

is an old Stander, and one of the ancient Inhabitants of it.

Query Whether he was never seen before by any Mortal.

Query Whether he frequents *Unclean Houses*, at least in the Plural Number.

Query Whether People trust him with their *ready Money*.

Query Whether his Grand-father was a Member of the *Rump* Parliament.

Query Whether he ever sheds *Tears of Blood*.

Now, *Quere* Whether the Wooden Man would not have guessed as well.

One

One held it to be a *Jacobite* Paper, and that he saw the *Pretender* at the Bottom, under the Name of *Jacobus de Voragine*.

But to be short, after many long Arguments and Debates, One in Company (*non quia nasus cæteris nullus erat*) started up, and said, *Gentlemen, I smell a Rat, it is my Arse all over,* and we all applauded his Penetration.

POSTSCRIPT.

If the *Gentleman*, thro' Consideration of the Losses sustained by the *South Sea*, has, out of a Design to encourage *Trade* and *Commerce*, sold the Publick a Bargain, I heartily ask
his

his Pardon for these Animadversions. But if not, he may expect much severer in my next, together with an ample *Dedication* to the *Gold-finders* of the City of *Dublin*.

N. B. *The Author of this Answer intends very soon to oblige the World with an Historical Account of Bargains.*



PRO:



PROLOGUE

T O

HYPOLITUS,

Spoken by a Boy of Six Years
Old.

YE Sons of *Athens*, Grant me one Re-
(quest,
And I'll requite You with a pleasing
(Jest,

Protect me from my Masters cruel Rod,
Hide me, O hide me, from the Tyrant's Nod!
He Pen'd a Prologue which to me was shown,
I lik'd it not, and told him 'twould not Down,
He said it Humour had; and Wit enough,
But to my Thinking it was Scurvy Stuff,
Howe'er he made me get it all by Heart,
And thus Instructed me to Play my Part.

" Dear

- “ Dear *Tommy*, Child, Repeat the whole
(with Care
“ Here you must raise your Voice, but sink it
(there,
“ Then in due Order take your play Things
(up,
“ Now whip your Gigg, now spin your Castle,
(Top,
“ Then take in hand your *Virgil* and your
(Kite,
“ Throw *Virgil* on the Ground, set that to
(Flight,
“ Then Speak these Lines, I’m sure they’ll
(give delight.)

Thus he desir’d me to Speak and Act,
Believe me Sirs, what I relate is Fact ;
And now he waits, expecting I should say,
That trifling Prologue to this serious Play,
But I must beg in that to be excus’d,
I would not have his Audience so abus’d ;
Such Entertainments are not fit for Men,
Till they have reach’d their Childish Age again,
Not like that * Reverend Sage, in whom ap-
(pears,
New Force of Reason in advanced Years ;
O

* The Bishop of *Dublin* who was present.

O could I Celebrate with equal Parts,
 That Patron of Religion and of Arts:
 The Stay of Right, the Church's chief Support,
 His Country's Champion and her last Resort.

But I forbear, and now I must provide,
 For my own Safety, for I fear I've try'd,
 My Master's Patience, and his Anger mov'd,
 In speaking what he ne'er wou'd have approv'd,
 I know my Danger but I can't repent,
 For being Steady to a good Intent.

Thus firmly did *Hyppolitus* pursue
 The slipp'ry Paths of Virtue tho' he knew, }
 His Ruin thence would certainly ensue.
 Since our Conditions are so near the same,
 They both alike your kind Compassion claim;
 Grant your Protection then, ye Sons of Wit,
 To poor *Hyppolitus*, and poor *Tom Tit*.





Mr. *SHERIDAN*'s
P R O L O G U E,

To the Greek Play of *PHÆDRA*
and *HYPPOLITUS*; design'd
to have been Spoke by a
Boy of Six Years Old.

UNDER the Notion of a Play you see
We're fairly coax'd to Act a Tragedy.
Lord! How can any Man of Reason say,
That so much *LABOUR* should be call'd a
(PLAY?)

Should any one be so absurd a Fool,
I'd be the first would kick him out of School:
For I am sure it cost Us aking Hearts,
And aking Heads -- before we got our Parts.
Not all the Learning of the Year behind,
Laid half so great a Stress upon our Mind.

As

As for my Part, I wish our School was burn'd,
And all our Books were into Ashes turn'd.

Greek after Greek, Book after Book, no doubt
Will wear our strongest Constitutions out.

My Mother told me in these Words last Night,

“ Dear Tommy, Child, Books will destroy
(you quite ;

“ That you should read at all, I'm very loath ;

“ My Life, my Dear, I fear they'll spoil your
(Growth.

And she says right, they cost me so much Pains,

I wish ten thousand times I had no Brains,

Nor had a Breech to whip ; why then I'd Play,

But not in Greek, I'd find a better way.

Now Gentlemen, 'tis worth your while to look,

You see this Gigg I have---You see this Book,

The Gigg can spin, and frisk and hop and toul,

The Book's a lazy, sluggish, heavy Doul.

See how much Life is in this bouncing Ball, ¶

Now Smoak the Book, it cannot bounce at all.

This Top, I carry to Play Mug and Gloss,

This Bone, I have it to Play Pitch and Toss.

But this is neither fit for Gloss or Mug,

A Lifeless Drone, it is a perfect Slugg ;

I swear, the very Sight on't makes me Sick ;

I'm sure it is a cursed Bone to pick.

Next Figure I present you, is my Kite,

Had any Poet e'er so fine a Flight ?

See how it skims and soars along the Sky,

Come Friend *Euripides* ; lets see you Fly, ¶

Down,

(20)

Down, down he comes, --- in vain aloft he
(springs,
A perfect lifeless Batt with Leathern Wings.
Behold my Bag of Marbles; --- here's a Treasure!
A World of Joy! a World of real Pleasure!
What is this Poet good for? Come lets see,
O yes, 'tis Good --- to put beneath my Knee,

While thus I Play regardless of all Care,
And wisely act within my proper Sphere;
O! could I thus in Happiness and Ease,
Pass the remainder of my well spent Days,
Secure from Birch, regardless of its Pain,
I'd never, never see a Book again;
Rather than ever Play a *Play in Greek*,
Grant us, ye Fates, to play at Hide and Seek.

F I N I S.